

Monsters Under the Bed by Luddleston

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Summary:

Matt shouldn't always say what he's thinking.

In this case, though, it works out fine, because it turns out his boyfriend's kind of cool with the fact that Matt has a few dozen alien sex toys hidden under his bed.

Monsters Under the Bed

Author's Note:

- Translation into Русский available: [Монстры под кроватью](#) by [Гейфилд.\(Gayfield\)](#)

HAPPY NEW YEAR I HAD DRINKS HERE'S A WEIRD SMUT I WROTE.

Twenty-five years.

Twenty-five years, Matt had been alive, and still, he hadn't learned to shut his goddamn mouth. Every thought that popped into his brain just *had* to come spilling out, including such gems as "I bet I could plant space weed in my mom's garden and she wouldn't notice," and, "how much popcorn do you think we could make at once using the kitchen on the Atlas, I mean, that thing's industrial-sized." Those had resulted in Colleen definitely learning that the weird alien plant Matt was cultivating had a notably high THC content, and then in a burnt popcorn smell that they hadn't gotten out of the recycled air coming through the Atlas for weeks, despite their best efforts.

The most recent, however, had been a doozy.

"I mean, how would you even diagnose an STD like that on a galra? Their dicks look so weird already."

Yep. His pathetic excuse for a brain-to-mouth filter had let that slip through.

While Shiro was naked on top of him, no less.

"What...?"

Okay, so, Shiro's confusion was probably warranted. He'd asked Matt if he had condoms in his cramped little bunk aboard his rebel ship, which was where Matt usually slept even though the Atlas had bigger quarters, and

Matt had made the jump from that to space STDs, to galra STDs, to... this. Yeah. Shiro had missed that particular leap in logic, though, and now, in the light from his cybernetic arm, his expression was confused, and a little worried, like he thought Matt might have finally just fucking lost it.

Which also may have been true, who knew when that was gonna happen.

"Oh. I was just thinking about space condoms," Matt said.

Shiro seemed to understand, for just a moment, or at least, he comprehended the direction Matt's mental process was headed. Then, his face dropped back into utter bafflement. "Wait, why do you know what galra dicks look like?"

"Well, porn, for one, but galra porn isn't... great."

"I can imagine."

"Mostly dildos, though."

Shiro's confusion was turning to interest, and Matt wiggled underneath him, trying and failing to get a part of his body near Shiro's crotch. "They make those?"

"Oh, babe, if there's an alien and it has genitalia, there's a dildo for purchase out there somewhere," Matt said. "Lotta lonely surveillance stations out there in the universe. Or, I assume there are." He probably wasn't the only one who'd decided to spend his time that way, right? Yeah. He was in good company with all kinds of other bored and adventurous extra-terrestrials.

"But why a galra?" Shiro asked. He seemed more curious than aroused, which wasn't the direction Matt had meant to take this, but he'd been the one to say the stupid shit in the first place, so it was his own damn fault if Shiro wasn't turned on anymore.

He extracted himself from under Shiro, who continued to watch as Matt leaned over the edge, sorting through the boxes he'd stuffed under there. Shiro had never poked around in there himself, or he would've known that

Matt had a whole menagerie of sex toys down there. "I have some theories about being attracted to what you perceive as dangerous, but they get kind of long and convoluted. Mostly, if I imagine Sendak had one of these in his pants, it made me a little less freaked out by him."

Shiro stared, almost cross-eyed, at the toy Matt brandished in his direction. It was, of course, purple, with sporadically placed bumps and ridges that looked like they easily could have been some kind of space disease. It was long, so long that Matt had never experienced the latter half of it in a conjugal sort of way, and the head was particularly squishy and large, made of some sort of malleable silicone-like material, and a more reddish color, almost pink.

"Yeah. You're right. That's pretty. Weird."

"Right?" Matt wagged it around and it did some impressive flopping, mostly because of the length, and Shiro looked halfway between hiding his face in embarrassment and bursting out laughing. He settled for a blush and a wide-eyed stare, and that only made Matt want to make Shiro's face go even redder. "You wanna see what this baby can do?"

"There's no way you can get that whole thing inside you," Shiro said, and sure, yeah, it was the length of his forearm.

"Yeah, no, I definitely cannot," Matt said, picking up the lube that Shiro had been using to drive Matt crazy with his fingers right up until Matt had decided to start going on about galra genitalia. "But, I can get like, the first eight inches in."

He ran his lubed-up fingers over the toy, slicking up all the unfamiliar protrusions. In all honesty, this wasn't his favorite toy, that went to the vibrating one with the tentacles, but Matt had used it more than once.

With the look in Shiro's eyes as he watched Matt push it into himself, squirming through the unusual sensation, it might become one of his favorites. Matt dropped forward, swaying a little, when he hit what was basically the maximum length of it he could take, and Shiro caught him and

steadied him, close enough that Matt could feel his heavy breaths against the side of his face.

"See?" Matt said, "it's like, at least half."

He pulled it out, taking the time to really push the head against his rim, because the sensation was interesting in its uniqueness, liking the hitch in Shiro's breath that it got him. And then, because he realized Shiro wasn't really at the best angle for this to be an *experience*, Matt laid back on the bed, unselfconsciously throwing his legs wide, giving Shiro a god damn show.

Shiro moaned aloud as he watched, louder than Matt, and he wasn't even the one getting fucked. Matt reverted to his usual movements with this thing, fucking himself with the first couple inches of it with an even beat, twisting it at different angles as he did, so he could feel every strange shape of it. It was made easy by the length of the toy; Matt could just wrap his fist around the bottom of it and go.

"God, Matt," Shiro said, his voice broken like Matt was actually touching him—no, nope, that was because Shiro was touching himself, okay, that was a thing—"the way you look with that thing. It's... *fuck*. You should be illegal."

"It's better when you can actually feel it," Matt said, holding the toy still so he could roll his hips onto it. It only worked for a couple thrusts, because Matt didn't have the kind of core strength it would take to keep that up, but it made Shiro crowd him closer, anyway, mouth on his neck, kissing him there and then touching him, getting his hands on Matt and working him over so good, Matt barely even needed to move the toy anymore.

Shiro had one hand on his dick, the robotic one, which Matt would always and forever be into, and his other was just above Matt's on the toy, fingers feeling it over, occasionally brushing the place where Matt was still fucking it in and out of himself.

With Shiro, it never took long, and Matt never had it in him to feel embarrassed when he came without getting to show off whatever stamina

he'd built up over the years. Shiro just did it for him. And Matt liked letting him know that. Especially when it got him Shiro's mouth trailing down his chest to his belly, licking up the evidence of Matt's orgasm, then surging up to kiss him before Matt could even get the toy out of himself.

It became uncomfortable after a minute, and Matt pulled it out, hoping it wouldn't make *that noise* and unfortunately disappointing himself when it did, slick and squelching and just really fucking gross. Shiro didn't seem to mind, though, still just kind of staring at the toy like he was trying to imagine what it'd be like actually attached to something.

"You wanna try it?" Matt asked, when he caught the direction of Shiro's eyes.

"Matt. You literally just had it inside of you, that's kind of—"

"You have licked my asshole, you can't possibly think this is worse." Matt reached around for the lube, ready to get it ready for Shiro. Where the hell was it? Down by Shiro's knees?

That was about when he found the wet spot in the sheets.

"Oh. I don't think you need this tonight, anyway," Matt said, simultaneously disappointed that he'd missed Shiro's orgasm and extremely pleased that Shiro had made himself come just watching Matt play with himself.

"I..." Shiro was uncharacteristically quiet, like he was biting down a secret he didn't want to admit. "I think I want to try it sometime. I know it's weird, but—"

"Alright, A: I literally just had it up my ass," Matt said, while urging Shiro to move so he could strip the sheet off the bed and shove it into the laundry chute, "and B: this isn't even close to the weirdest monster I've got under my bed."

Shiro snuggled up against him pretty much as soon as Matt got back into bed, throwing the comforter over them and ignoring the way their skin was

still kind of sweaty and sticky. "Well, you'll have to introduce me to all of them, then."

Matt felt a smile creeping onto his face, the kind of thing he'd call 'sinister,' but maybe a little sexy.

"I can arrange that."

Author's Note:

THANKS FOR READING U CAN FIND ME ON THE SOCIAL
MEDIAS @LUDDLESTONS I PROMIS IM USUALLY LESS
CAPSLOCKY AND MORE NORMAL.